

(Spec Script)  
HOMICIDE:  
"Photo Finish"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. ICECREAM SHOP-DAY

A store clerk reaches over the counter and hands an ice cream cone to a little girl. The girl's mother stands next to her. The mother pays the clerk for the ice cream and she and her daughter walk out.

EXT ICE CREAM SHOP-DAY-CONTINUOUS

The little girl is very pleased by her ice cream. The mother smiles watching her child's enjoyment as only a mother can.

The ice cream shop is located in a strip mall and the little girl and her mother start walking down the sidewalk.

EXT. STRIP MALL-DAY CONTINUOUS

As the little girl and her mother walk down the side walk the child becomes enamoured by the things she sees in the windows.

ANGLE ON a stuffed animal in the window of a toy shop.

ANGLE ON a Barney book in the window of a bookstore.

ANGLE ON Flowers in a florist window.

Finally the child and mother reach the window of a Photomat. The little girl watches as pictures of a sunny beach come off the developing machine and fall into a catch tray.

She looks at her mother with excitement. The last photo falls from the machine and rests in the tray and there is a short pause.

The little girl wants to see more pictures.

After a moment new pictures start to appear. At first the mother isn't paying attention and the little girl starts tugging on her sleeve to look.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy...mommy...what are they  
doing to that woman?

MOTHER

What Sweetheart?

CONTINUED:

The mother looks down at her daughter who directs her attention to the new photographs coming out of the machine. As the woman looks her face distorts into a look of horror.

MOTHER (cont'd)

OH MY GOD.

The mother grabs the little girl and lifts her into the air. The child loses her cone which falls to the ground splattering against the sidewalk.

As the mother moves away quickly with her daughter the pictures coming off the machine are revealed.

ANGLE ON photographs of a woman being killed and tortured.

MAIN TITLES

ACT 1

INT. UNMARKED CAR-DAY

TIM BAYLISS and JOHN MUNCH sit waxing philosophic while BAYLISS drives.

BAYLISS

I had this camera as a kid. I got it for my tenth birthday.

MUNCH

I can't even imagine you at ten.  
Little Timmy Bayliss.

BAYLISS

I'd run around taking pictures of everything. I kept the pictures in a shoe box under my bed. They were the square ones with the rounded corners.

MUNCH

I used to have pictures in a box under my bed. Clippings from magazines.

BAYLISS

Can I finish.

MUNCH clams up.

BAYLISS (cont'd)

My mom would take the rolls to the drug store and I'd count the days 'till I could walk down and pick 'em up. As soon as I got home I'd run up to my room and open the envelope. I'd sit on my floor and look at each one. savoring the moment I had taken it. I was the only kid I knew who had his own camera.

MUNCH

I got my first camera when I was fifteen. Johnny Defalco broke it after he caught me trying to get a shot up his sisters dress.

BAYLISS

Why do I bother?

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

Because it's you Tim. You like to get all weepy at the 'Good 'Ol Days'. No one takes pictures for pure enjoyment anymore. It's progress...the state of human evolution.

BAYLISS

So you're saying no one just takes pictures to capture the moment anymore.

BAYLISS pulls the car into a shopping center and up to the front of a PHOTOMAT. MUNCH continues talking the whole time.

MUNCH

That's what they'll tell you. But it isn't that simple anymore. Those beautiful pictures of the snow on your roof are tucked into your file cabinet under INSURANCE should your roof start to leak. Every nook and cranny of your home fastidiously photographed not out of pride but paranoia. You have evidence should someone sneak in while you sleep and abscond with your dead Aunt's silver service. School photos used to be for the yearbook, so you could feel yourself start to sweat as Mary Anne Resnick signed your year book. Putting her mark on her photo, justifying your existence. Now parents hand out a few proudly and scuttle away the rest should little Bobby or Sue not show up from school one day.

BAYLISS and MUNCH get out of the car and look around the exterior of the Photomat. There are no signs of a crime scene. No tape marking off the perimeter, and no cop cars.

BAYLISS

There is definitely something wrong with you.

MUNCH

Is it just me, or are we missing the usual accoutrements of a crime scene.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MUNCH (cont'd)

The bright yellow tape that says  
in a cheery way that someone has  
died. The over abundance of  
rookies.

BAYLISS reaches in his coat and pulls out his little pad,  
checking the address.

BAYLISS

This is the place.

INT. PHOTOMAT-DAY-CONTINUOUS

BAYLISS and MUNCH enter the photomat. It is empty except for a KID behind the counter. The kid is reading a book and doesn't lift his head. MUNCH gives a look to BAYLISS summing up his distrust of the youth today. They both approach the counter.

Without lifting his head, The kid slaps an envelope on the counter. He slides over a pen still not looking up from his book.

KID

Fill this out. Make sure you fill  
out all the blanks. Choose matte  
or glossy, 3x5 or 4x6. We have a  
special on double prints. Photos  
will be ready in an hour.

MUNCH looks at BAYLISS then grabs the book out of the kid's hand and examines it. The kid looks up startled.

KID (cont'd)

Give that back. Ya' prick.

MUNCH

Prick? I'll prick you ya'  
little...

BAYLISS

(to Munch)  
Give the kid his book back.

MUNCH begrudgingly throws the book back on the counter.

MUNCH

Do we look like we're here to get  
photos developed?

KID

How would I know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

Pay attention and do your job.  
It's people like you that  
perpetuate the indifference found  
in most customer service oriented  
industries these days.

BAYLISS

Was there an officer here?

KID

(to Bayliss)  
Yeah...she's in back talking to  
the manager.

The kid looks from BAYLISS to MUNCH.

MUNCH

Go get her.

The kid gets up keeping an eye on MUNCH and goes into the back of the store.

BAYLISS gives MUNCH a "What's that about" look.

MUNCH (CONT'D)

I never got over my need to return  
all the abuse I got from kids like  
him growing up.

A female officer comes out of the back following the kid.

OFFICER

Sorry guys. I didn't know who to  
call.

BAYLISS

Where's the body?

OFFICER

There isn't one.

BAYLISS and MUNCH exchange a look of confusion.

MUNCH

Blood trail? Splatter marks? any  
of those tell tale signs that  
someone has shuffled off this  
mortal coil?

OFFICER

No. But I have these.

CONTINUED: (2)

The officer hands BAYLISS a packet of photographs. BAYLISS and MUNCH flip through them. They are graphic pictures of a naked woman tied to a bed while another woman and a man torture her.

MUNCH

Not exactly a Kodak moment.

While the officer fills them in, BAYLISS and MUNCH continue to go over the photos.

OFFICER

It seems a Mrs. Gratz dropped these off two days ago. The film was old so the manager told her he needed more time to develop them.

BAYLISS

So she doesn't know they're ready yet?

OFFICER

No, the manager told her he'd call her when they were ready. (pause) Once he saw the photos, he called us.

MUNCH

(looking over BAYLISS' shoulder at the photos.)

Why do people get glossy? A matte finish allows the color to show through without the annoying glare.

BAYLISS takes half the stack and hands it to MUNCH so he'll quit looking over his shoulder.

BAYLISS

What about the manager, has he seen this woman before?

OFFICER

No, and he's pretty shaken up. It took me twenty minutes just to calm him down enough to understand him. Said he's never seen anything like this.

MUNCH

(pointing to the kid)  
What about him?

The kid is back into his book uninterested.

OFFICER  
Brian Fuller. Worked here for a couple of months. He wasn't on when she came in.

BAYLISS  
Do we have an address on Mrs. Gratz.

OFFICER  
Yeah.

The officer hands BAYLISS the envelope. Then reaches into her pocket and pulls out a evidence bag containing three rolls of film.

OFFICER (cont'd)  
There were three rolls. What you have there is only one of them. The manager said he couldn't bring himself to develop the other two.

CUT TO:

INT. LT GIARDELLO'S OFFICE-DAY

GIARDELLO is looking at the photos while BAYLISS and MUNCH stand there.

BAYLISS  
There's no proof it's a murder. It looks like a crime, but...

LT. GIARDELLO  
I see a woman here being brutalized. This doesn't bother Detective Bayliss.

BAYLISS  
Of course it bothers me G, but we work Homicide, there are other cops who work other crimes. These photos are seven years old.

LT. GIARDELLO  
How do you know?

BAYLISS  
The date on the film.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. GIARDELLO

That's how old the film is, how do you know that's how old the photos are?

BAYLISS

No body, no homicide.

LT. GIARDELLO

What about the woman who brought the photos in? Have you talked to her?

BAYLISS

Not yet.

LT. GIARDELLO

Not yet...not yet. You disappoint me detective Bayliss. You are given the opportunity to solve a case that might actually tax your mind and you decide it isn't worth your time.

MUNCH

The magic of the snap shot has been destroyed for him.

LT. GIARDELLO

You don't think it's a murder?

BAYLISS

I have no idea.

LT. GIARDELLO

I think it is. Prove me wrong G.

GIARDELLO Throws the pictures across his desk. MUNCH picks them up and he and BAYLISS exit GIARDELLO's office.

EXT. GRATZ HOME-DAY

BAYLISS and MUNCH are walking up the sidewalk to the front door. There are a number of vehicles in the driveway that include a towne car, a van with CARPET WORLD painted on the side and a pick-up truck filled with construction supplies.

BAYLISS knocks on the door.

MUNCH

Someone seems to be making improvements. Adding a room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH (cont'd)  
Maybe walling things up Edgar  
Allen Poe style.

Just then the door is opened by MRS. GRATZ, an attractive  
respectively dressed middle aged women. She does not resemble  
any of the women in the photos and BAYLISS and MUNCH notice  
this.

MRS. GRATZ  
(to BAYLISS and MUNCH)  
You're late.

BAYLISS  
Late?

MRS. GRATZ  
You should have been here an hour  
ago

BAYLISS  
I'm Detective Bayliss and this is  
detective Munch. Baltimore  
Homicide.

Mrs. Gratz becomes nervous.

MRS. GRATZ  
Has something happened to my  
husband? Oh God.

BAYLISS intercedes before things start to get out of hand.

BAYLISS  
No ma'am. As far as I know your  
husband is fine. We're here about  
the photographs.

MRS. GRATZ  
Photographs?

MUNCH  
Three rolls of film. You dropped  
them off at the Photomat two days  
ago.

MRS. GRATZ  
Please come in.

Mrs. Gratz shows them in and they follow.

INT. GRATZ HOME-DAY-CONTINUOUS

The interior of the house is a mess. A number of carpenters bustle around. The sound of a table saw comes from somewhere in the house.

MRS. GRATZ

Sorry about all the noise and mess. My husband and I are in the process of redecorating the house. Now, I realize I shouldn't have had those photos developed, but I was a bit curious.

BAYLISS

They weren't yours?

MRS. GRATZ

No, we found them while having the carpet replaced.

BAYLISS

Could you show us?

MRS. GRATZ

Certainly. The carpet in here was dreadful. A low pile green. It looked like pistachio.

MUNCH

So why did you get it?

MRS. GRATZ

It came with the house unfortunately. But it worked for us. The previous owners are paying to have it replaced.

MUNCH

So you just bought this house?

MRS. GRATZ

About six months ago. I just got around to having it redone. I was preoccupied working on the others.

BAYLISS

So you have more then one house?

MRS. GRATZ

It's what my husband and I do detective. We buy and refurbish houses. Then we sell them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. GRATZ (cont'd)  
It allows my husband to stretch  
his business wings and I my  
creative impulses.

As Mrs. Gratz leads the detectives away, MUNCH gives BAYLISS another look. BAYLISS just shrugs.

BAYLISS  
So this is lucrative? Buying  
houses and fixing them up.

MRS. GRATZ  
Oh yes. I picked this one up for  
just under a hundred. When I'm  
done it will go for almost twice  
that.

The three turn the corner and head into a hallway. The carpet has been torn up and a MAN is starting to lay down foam in the exposed area.

MRS. GRATZ (cont'd)  
Curtis.

The man looks up and then stands up.

CURTIS  
Yes Ma'am.

MRS. GRATZ  
Would you please show these two  
gentlemen where you found the  
rolls of film?

CURTIS  
Sure.

He motions for the detectives. BAYLISS and MUNCH move closer.

CURTIS (cont'd)  
This has only happened to me a  
couple of times before. Sometimes,  
people use carpet to cover up  
things. Bad flooring, cracks along  
the wall line...

MUNCH  
Trap doors leading to torture  
chambers.

CURTIS  
Huh?

CONTINUED: (2)

MUNCH

Nothing.

Curtis moves to the edge of the padding near the wall and pulls it back to reveal a covered air vent. He removes the vent top and sticks his hand down in the shaft.

CURTIS

It was down in here. A plastic bag  
I was making sure it was clear  
before I filled it.

BAYLISS

So the three rolls of film were in  
the bag?

CURTIS

That and a rusty Kitchen knife.

BAYLISS and MUNCH look at Mrs. Gratz who shrugs.

MRS. GRATZ

I threw it out. It wasn't even  
stainless.

MUNCH

Why didn't you throw out the film?

MRS. GRATZ

Curiosity I guess.

BAYLISS

I need to get the number of the  
realtor that sold you the house.

MRS. GRATZ

Yes...I'll get that for you.

Mrs. Gratz exits. BAYLISS and MUNCH move out of the room so the carpet guy can continue laying the padding.

MUNCH

I replaced my carpet once. It  
reminded me of my ex-wife.

BAYLISS

Did she pick it out?

MUNCH

No it smelled like her. The odor  
of lecherous back stabbing.

CONTINUED: (3)

BAYLISS

We had the same carpet until I was eight or nine. My father replaced it himself. We'd drive around on Sundays after church and pick remnants out of the dumpsters behind the carpet stores. He cut it all into one foot squares. It had this wonderful mosaic style. Some plush, some shag, some low pile. All sorts of colors. I used to sit in the middle and pretend I was on a raft floating out to sea.

MUNCH

Ours smelled like dog piss and cheap wine.

Mrs. Gratz returns with the information and hands it to BAYLISS.

She begins to escort them to the door.

MRS. GRATZ

What did you say was on the photographs again?

MUNCH

Pictures of a woman being tortured to death. Probably somewhere in this house.

Mrs. Gratz looks aghast. MUNCH and BAYLISS start to head out.

MUNCH (cont'd)

(to Mrs. Gratz)  
I wouldn't put that in the ad.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY

FALSONE, MIKE GIARDELLO, STIVERS, MUNCH, LEWIS are gathered around BAYLISS' desk looking at the photos. They pass them around as they look. LEWIS keeps the same photo and continues to stare at it.

FALSONE

Geez. Why would anyone take photos of this sort of thing. You would think they would know better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE GIARDELLO  
Ritual killings. Trophy murders.  
You guys want me to fly these by  
Quantico?

MUNCH  
The famed monster hunters of West  
Virginia. The delvers into the  
darker recesses of the human mind.

STIVERS  
I can't even believe you're  
passing these around.

BAYLISS  
I didn't pass them around. If you  
haven't noticed everyone's crowded  
around MY desk.

Ballard passes by wondering what the fuss is about.

BALLARD  
What are you guys looking at?  
Vacation photos.

She takes one of the photos.

MUNCH  
The kind you don't come back from.

BALLARD  
(throwing the photo back)  
Yuck. Somebody could have warned  
me.

Ballard throws a look at FALSONE.

FALSONE  
And miss the look on your face.

BALLARD  
Funny.

She walks away. FALSONE moves to catch her.

FALSONE  
Hey...

Ballard exits and FALSONE stops as the door closes in front  
of him.

FALSONE (cont'd)  
I would have.

(CONTINUED)

STIVERS  
Good one FALSONE.

FALSONE makes a mocking face at Stivers and heads to his desk.

LEWIS  
Something about this just ain't sittin' right with me. (pause)

MIKE GIARDELLO  
The brutality of it?

LEWIS  
Naw, there's definitely something familiar about this guy.

BAYLISS  
You know him?

Just then GIARDELLO emerges from his office. There is a dangerously large smile on his face.

LT. GIARDELLO  
Ah. My avenging angels. All gathered around working diligently to put down cases and give dignity back to the dead.

Everyone starts to scramble and look busy.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
DON'T RUN OFF. Gather round one and all and hear the latest from on high.

The Detectives return to the center all wearily propping themselves on the cluster of desks in the center of the room as GIARDELLO moves to in front of the name board.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
It would seem we are the latest victims of a nation wide scourge. The bosses have latched onto the latest in law enforcement chic. Each of you get the opportunity to show what your made of. In addition to your current cases, you will be assigned an unsolved case from the past.

There is a unanimous groan from the group.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
The decision has been made. But do not fret. Their crack experts have eliminated those cases not possessing an acceptable possibility of success. I will call your name and a case number. FALSONE 77286; STIVERS 876478; BALLARD 90867; GHARTY 467352.

GIARDELLO looks up and doesn't see GHARTY.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
Where's GHARTY. Has anyone seen GHARTY?

BALLARD  
I think he had a doctors appointment.

LT. GIARDELLO  
You'd better be right. I've had about enough of his lack luster attitude.

G returns to his roll call.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
SHEPPARD 76537: LEWIS 98754. Pick up your case and keep me posted.

FALSONE  
What about BAYLISS and MUNCH.

LT. GIARDELLO  
They seem to have uncovered their own.

BAYLISS and MUNCH give each other a look of uncertainty.

LEWIS  
How the hell are we supposed to work on old cases LT? I've got enough to do as it is.

LT. GIARDELLO  
There is NO statute of limitations on murder detective LEWIS.

GIARDELLO turns and starts for his office.

CONTINUED: (4)

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
BAYLISS...MUNCH...IN MY OFFICE.  
The rest of you...I don't want to  
see you the next time I open my  
door.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY

CU on name board as a new name is added in red under each detective's column. These names correspond to their newly acquired unsolved cases.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

9 INT. LT GIARDELLO'S OFFICE-DAY

9

ED DANVERS is seated while MUNCH and BAYLISS stand. GIARDELLO is sitting behind his desk

LT. GIARDELLO  
(motioning from BAYLISS to  
DANVERS)  
The photos.

BAYLISS hands the photos to DANVERS thinking he's about to pass the case on. DANVERS takes the photos and begins to flip through them while BAYLISS talks.

BAYLISS  
We talked to the woman who turned in the film. She doesn't even know what's on the film. She found it stashed in a covered over vent while having the carpet replaced.

DANVERS  
Was there a knife?

MUNCH  
(to Danvers)  
You're a magical elf, aren't you?

BAYLISS  
Yeah, but we didn't recover it.  
She threw it away.

MUNCH  
It was rusty.

BAYLISS  
Sanitation had already picked up.  
It's at the dump by now. What's going on here G.

LT. GIARDELLO  
I had a feeling about the photos.  
So I invited Mr. Danvers here to join us.

GIARDELLO looks to DANVERS who nods. DANVERS then addresses BAYLISS and MUNCH.

DANVERS  
Have either of you ever heard the names Gerald Wilson or Rita Lubitch?

(CONTINUED)

MUNCH  
Lubitch? Lubitch?

MUNCH smacks himself on the forehead.

MUNCH (cont'd)  
(now understanding)  
Lubitch.

BAYLISS  
Why do I feel like I'm the only  
one here who doesn't know what's  
going on?

MUNCH  
Can I answer that one?

LT. GIARDELLO  
Shut up Munch. It's was one of  
Crossetti's old cases from about  
seven years ago. Just before you  
got here in fact.

DANVERS  
Gerald Wilson and Rita Lubitch  
were put on trial in '92 for the  
torture, rape, and murder of one  
Amanda Paylor.

MUNCH  
She said he did it. He said she  
did it. Very Venus and Mars.

DANVERS  
The only problem was the details  
in both of their testimonies were  
the same. She cut a deal to turn  
states evidence on him and he  
retaliated, saying that she was  
the one that committed the crime.  
In the end there was enough  
confusion, as to who really did  
what, that it put reasonable doubt  
in the juror's minds. They found  
them not guilty. The main evidence  
in the trial, which was never  
recovered, was a knife reportedly  
used in the killing and three  
rolls of film taken during the  
act.

BAYLISS is surprised.

CONTINUED: (3)

BAYLISS

They were both put on trial. What can we do? This case has already been solved.

MUNCH

Double jeopardy.

DANVERS

True. We can't charge them with the murder again, but we can bring them up on perjury charges. One of them was lying. Probably both of them. If we can get them to open up and tell us what really happened...I can charge them. Federal perjury carries ten years.

LT. GIARDELLO

(to Bayliss)  
Feel them out. Bring them in if you have to.

MUNCH

Why would they cooperate?

DANVERS

Tell them your cleaning up your files. Tell them they can't be charged for the murder again. Tell them you have to finalize the details so you can close the case.

INT. SQUAD COFFEE ROOM-DAY

LEWIS is pouring himself a cup of coffee. He is talking to SHEPPARD who is seated at a table going over a case file.

LEWIS

Is that your new case?

SHEPPARD

Yeah.

LEWIS

What'd you get?

SHEPPARD

(flipping pages)  
One Jenny Forsyth. Found in the woods by two hunters. Identified by her teeth. She'd had been there all winter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEPPARD (cont'd)  
She was dating one John Paris and  
evidently also seeing his brother.  
Unfortunately no one saw anything.

LEWIS  
They both did it.

SHEPPARD  
What?

LEWIS  
The brothers.

LEWIS sits down across from SHEPPARD at the table.

LEWIS (cont'd)  
She was coming between them so  
they whacked her. Blood's thicker  
than water and all that.

SHEPPARD  
(sarcastically)  
Thanks, I'll go pick 'em up.

LEWIS takes the file out of her hand and looks it over.

LEWIS  
What do you say we trade.

SHEPPARD  
Why would I want to do that?

LEWIS  
Because all of these cases are the  
same as another. Afraid of a  
little friendly competition.

SHEPPARD  
Fine.

LEWIS  
Great.

LEWIS hands her his keeping the one he took from her.

SHEPPARD  
Why not.

LEWIS gets up.

LEWIS  
You won't regret it.

CONTINUED: (2)

SHEPPARD takes a look in the folder as LEWIS walks out of the coffee room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY-CONTINUOUS

FALSONE is perched on the edge of Ballard's desk.

FALSONE  
I had a good time last night.

Ballard smiles blushing.

BALLARD  
So did I.

FALSONE  
I'd like to do it again.

BALLARD  
Me too.

FALSONE  
Tomorrow night?

BALLARD  
Sure.

FALSONE  
Have you had a chance to look at  
the case G gave you?

BALLARD  
No...you?  
FALSONE  
Naw, I haven't even picked mine up  
yet. It's not like it can't wait a  
few hours.

SHEPPARD walks by and gives Ballard the look of approval.  
Ballard returns it without FALSONE seeing.

FALSONE (cont'd)  
I heard LEWIS got some thirty year  
old case.

SHEPPARD, just past them stops short and looks down at her folder. She quickly opens it up again and scrutinizes it.

She looks up and sees LEWIS in the distance. She calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEPPARD  
LEWIS...this case is thirty years  
old.

LEWIS smiles real big.

SHEPPARD (cont'd)  
This is because I wouldn't go out  
with you isn't it.

FALSONE and Ballard watch their exchange and then look at  
each other with a 'never going to work' look.

LEWIS smiles large again as BAYLISS walks into the room.

BAYLISS  
Hey, Rene.

SHEPPARD  
Tim.

BAYLISS  
What's the matter?

SHEPPARD  
I just got screwed.

Tim looks to Ballard and FALSONE who both shrug.

BAYLISS  
(concerned)  
Screwed?

SHEPPARD  
I traded cases with LEWIS.

BAYLISS sees an opening and takes advantage.

BAYLISS  
So, you want to get dinner  
tomorrow night?

SHEPPARD  
(distracted)  
Sure.

BAYLISS  
Great.

SHEPPARD realizes too late to what she's agreed to.

SHEPPARD  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAYLISS  
I'll talk to you about it later.

SHEPPARD  
(still a little distracted)  
OK.

BAYLISS walks away leaving SHEPPARD standing in the middle of the squad room. MUNCH walks by.

MUNCH  
Flashing back to the pageant days?

SHEPPARD  
(irritated)  
Shut up MUNCH.

SHEPPARD storms off.

MUNCH  
(to himself)  
What did I do?

INT. INSURANCE AGENCY-DAY

The office is simple with a waiting area and a receptionist's desk. Behind the desk sits a WOMAN engaged in transcribing dictation through an earpiece. BAYLISS and MUNCH enter. MUNCH is talking as though he never stopped.

MUNCH  
Italian is always good.

BAYLISS  
I could cook.

MUNCH  
Not yet.

BAYLISS  
Cooking for someone is romantic.

MUNCH  
Yeah, but if you cook for her now  
you won't be able to save it for  
later.

BAYLISS  
Save it?

MUNCH  
As a back-up should you not be  
progressing as fast as you'd like.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH (cont'd)  
Women always fall for a man who  
can cook. Save it till you need  
it.

BAYLISS  
Who did the cooking when you were  
married, you or your wife?

MUNCH  
Who do you think. I'm a culinary  
genius. Plus, they both had  
reasons to poison me.

As they approach the desk the woman looks up and holds out a finger stopping them in their tracks. She puts her hand down and resumes typing. After a few moments she stops and takes off the earpiece.

WOMAN  
Yes. What can I do for you?

BAYLISS  
We'd like to speak to Gerald  
Wilson please.

WOMAN  
Do you have an appointment?

MUNCH pulls out his badge smugly.

MUNCH  
Almost everywhere we go.

WOMAN  
Just a moment.

The receptionist picks up the phone and dials a number.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Mr. Wilson, there are two  
police...

MUNCH  
(interrupting)  
Detectives.

WOMAN  
Two detectives here to see you.

The receptionist hangs up the phone.

WOMAN (cont'd)  
He'll be with you in just a  
moment. Please have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She points in the direction of the chairs and BAYLISS and MUNCH move to take a seat. They settle in and no sooner as they sit MUNCH starts talking again.

MUNCH

Insurance is such an odd thing.

BAYLISS

Why?

MUNCH

Think about it Tim. You're actually rewarding others for your death. It's like you die and they win the lottery. Then they just have you cremated and pour you in the ashtray outside the funeral home and board a flight for Maui. You're telling me you have life insurance?

BAYLISS

Sure I get it through the department.

MUNCH

No more. No extra little supplemental plans?

BAYLISS

Not right now. If I ever have kids I will.

MUNCH

Kids are the worst. Once they get old enough to know your worth money they start plotting.

GERALD WILSON (OS)

Detectives sorry to keep you waiting.

BAYLISS and MUNCH rise to greet Mr. Wilson who is in his mid fifties and slightly overweight. His suit is tweed and he's balding. He seems the exact opposite of menacing. BAYLISS and MUNCH instantly recognize him from the photos

GERALD WILSON (cont'd)

Please come into my office.

He gestures toward the back and BAYLISS and MUNCH follow.

INT. GERALD WILSON'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

It's all wood paneling and shag carpet. It looks like a mobsters office in Atlantic City. Mr. Wilson Points to two chairs and MUNCH and BAYLISS have a seat. Mr. Wilson sits behind his desk.

GERALD WILSON  
It shouldn't be much longer now.

BAYLISS  
Much longer?

GERALD WILSON  
Surely you didn't think I'd talk  
to you without my lawyer present.

MUNCH  
Never crossed our mind.

GERALD WILSON  
Would you gentlemen like something  
to drink while we wait?

All three smile at each other fully aware of the game they are playing.

END ACT II

ACT III

int. GERALD WILSON's OFFICE

Wilson's lawyer MR. COSTELLO, a skinny man in his fifties, is now present and is advising his client.

MR. COSTELLO

Gerald, they can't charge you twice for the same crime.

(to Munch and Bayliss)  
I'm afraid you gentlemen are wasting your time. My client has nothing to say to you. He was acquitted of all charges stemming from the Lubitch case. Now please, I'm sure you have more important things to do than harass my client.

MUNCH and BAYLISS stay seated.

BAYLISS

So let me get this straight. You say that Rita Lubitch committed the actual murder. You had nothing to do with it.

GERALD WILSON

That's correct.

MR. COSTELLO

Gerald. Be quiet.

GERALD WILSON

What are you worried about, they can't do anything to me.

MR. COSTELLO

Why the hell did you call me here if you weren't going to listen to me?

MUNCH

(to Mr. Costello)  
We're playing canasta later.

BAYLISS

So you have no desire to change your story now that we can no longer charge you with the murder.

GERALD WILSON

No. It's the truth.

CONTINUED: (2)

BAYLISS

You see now, I don't think it is.

GERALD WILSON

What makes you think that  
detective? Why would I lie now?

MUNCH

You're an insurance salesman  
Gerald. You can't help but lie.  
You peddle contracts on people's  
lives.

BAYLISS

There was mention in the testimony  
that Mrs. Wilson made you  
photograph the whole thing while  
it happened.

MR. COSTELLO

Those photos were never found.

MUNCH

I always found the word never very  
confusing as to its actual  
implications.

BAYLISS reaches into his coat and pulls out the photos  
throwing hem at Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Wilson catches them. He seems shocked just by the  
appearance of the envelope.

MR. COSTELLO

What is this? Some kind of stupid  
scare tactic.

Mr. Costello takes the envelope from Gerald Wilson and pulls  
out the photographs. His eyes widen as he looks in horror at  
the images. He throws the photos onto Mr. Wilson's desk.

Mr. Wilson looks at the photos sitting splayed across his  
desk.

GERALD WILSON

Where did you find these?

MUNCH

In a covered over air vent in your  
old house. Just where you left  
them.

CONTINUED: (3)

GERALD WILSON  
I had forgotten where I'd put  
them.

Mr. Costello glares at Gerald Wilson with disbelief.

MR. COSTELLO  
You sick little bastard. You said  
she threatened to kill you. You  
don't look very threatened here  
Gerald.

Mr. Costello grabs one of the photos forcing Gerald Wilson to look.

MUNCH  
You're a lawyer. You actually  
believed he had nothing to do with  
it?

MUNCH and BAYLISS get up.

MR. COSTELLO  
(to Munch)  
It may surprise you detective  
Munch that believing your client  
goes a long way toward helping  
them.  
(Turning back to Wilson)  
You make me sick.

Mr. Costello Spits on Gerald Wilson who is still seated.

MR. COSTELLO (cont'd)  
I hope you rot in hell you fat  
bastard.

Mr. Costello storms out of the room slamming the door behind him.

MUNCH  
(to Wilson)  
You have the right to an attorney.  
If you can't maintain the one  
you've got.  
(Munch looks at the door)  
and evidently you can't, we'll get  
you one for free. And trust me  
when I tell you, the one we get  
you won't care what you've done as  
long as he can make his squash  
game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BAYLISS moves to sit on the edge of Gerald Wilson's desk as Wilson just continues to stare at the photos.

GERALD WILSON

What do I need a lawyer for. You can't arrest me.

BAYLISS

Not on murder.

MUNCH

You lied Gerald. You know what the sentence is for lying to a grand jury?

INT. UNMARKED CAR-DAY

LEWIS is driving and SHEPPARD is riding shotgun. There is an unsettling silence between them. LEWIS finally breaks it.

LEWIS

It was fair and square.

SHEPPARD

There was nothing fair about it. You at least knew something about my case first.

LEWIS

Look, we're partners. We help each other solve cases. It's no different if you have it or I do.

SHEPPARD

Except for the name on the board.

LEWIS finally gives up. He can't stand that SHEPPARD is really this mad.

LEWIS

Look, lets just switch back if you're going to take it like this.

SHEPPARD

No, I made a promise and I always keep my promises. Where are we going anyway?

LEWIS

To solve the Jenny Forsyth case. I couldn't find a current address for the brothers, But their mother still lives in the same place.

EXT. PARIS HOUSE

LEWIS and SHEPPARD get out of the car. The place seems deserted. They start to look around. LEWIS knocks on the door. There is no answer.

It starts to seem as though no one is around. Then the sound of a lawn mower can be heard starting up. LEWIS and SHEPPARD move around the back of the house where an OLD MAN, in his seventies, has begun to mow the grass.

LEWIS walks toward him waving his arms to get the man's attention. Finally the man sees them and turns off the mower. He walks toward them somewhat cautiously.

OLD MAN

What can I do for you?

LEWIS

We're looking for Mildred Paris.  
Does she still live here?

OLD MAN

Nope.

LEWIS

Do you know where she's gone?

OLD MAN

Yep.

LEWIS

Could you tell me?

OLD MAN

I can do better then that, I can  
show you.

The old man turns and starts to walk toward the far side of the house. LEWIS and SHEPPARD follow him. As they turn the corner a look of shock washes over their faces. The old man is standing next to a fresh grave and marker. LEWIS walks around to read it.

MILDRED PARIS

1935-1998

BELOVED MOTHER

LEWIS

When did she die?

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN  
Two weeks ago. Massive coronary.

LEWIS is dumbfounded. SHEPPARD can't contain her joy but tries not to laugh.

LEWIS  
Who are you?

OLD MAN  
Her neighbor. I used to cut her grass. Thought I'd do it one last time.

LEWIS  
What about her two boys?

The old man points down to the grave.

OLD MAN  
Who do you think's buried on either side of her?

LEWIS is almost sick with disbelief at this point.

LEWIS  
There aren't any markers.

OLD MAN  
Having them redone. Should be here by Tuesday.

LEWIS  
When did they die?

OLD MAN  
Two and a half years ago. Car wreck. They'd been drinkin'. Never were the brightest boys.

INT. UNMARKED CAR-DAY

SHEPPARD is driving. LEWIS is sitting in the passenger seat with his head in his hands moaning

SHEPPARD  
Serves you right.

LEWIS  
We can't trade cases anyway.

LEWIS starts to come out of his funk with this realization.

CONTINUED:

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
G would never allow us to trade.  
It could pollute our working  
relationship. It looks like you  
have an unsolvable case.

SHEPPARD  
Actually, I ran it by G just after  
you proposed the trade to me. He  
approved it. Said it was good to  
have a little competition among  
partners.

LEWIS  
You went behind my back.

SHEPPARD  
Behind your back. I was covering  
my ass, and it's a good thing I  
did.

LEWIS  
But your new to this, you can  
afford to have a few more red  
names on your list. This is going  
to reek havoc with my closure  
rate.

SHEPPARD  
Somehow I doubt that.

INT. BOX OBSERVATION ROOM-DAY

GIARDELLO and DANVERS are standing looking at Gerald Wilson  
being interrogated by MUNCH and BAYLISS.

BAYLISS walks out the door and enters the observation room.

BAYLISS  
He gave us a complete statement.  
It differs quite a bit.

DANVERS  
Did he give up the right to  
council?

BAYLISS  
More like his council gave up the  
right to him.

DANVERS  
Hold him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. GIARDELLO  
(to Danvers)  
Do we have enough.

DANVERS  
Yeah. I thought you might so the paperwork is making the rounds.

LT. GIARDELLO  
(to Munch and Bayliss)  
Good work. Bring in Lubitch. I want this out of our hands by the end of the shift.

BAYLISS heads back out and returns to the box.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
(to DANVERS)  
Let's finish this up in my office.

They exit the observation room.

INT. BOX-DAY

Gerald Wilson is worn down. He seems very upset. MUNCH is sitting on the edge of the table. BAYLISS is seated across from him.

MUNCH  
Now, don't you feel better getting all that off your chest.

GERALD WILSON  
What happens now?

MUNCH  
You know the routine. It should be old hat for you by now.

BAYLISS  
They'll type up your statement and then you to sign it.

MUNCH  
So what really made you do it?

GERALD WILSON  
What?

MUNCH  
The murder you idiot. Did it make you feel like a big man?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH (cont'd)  
Did it excite you? Did it  
titillate you...having that power.

GERALD WILSON  
Hey...I don't have to take this.

MUNCH  
My ex-wife's last words as she  
slammed the door in my face.

BAYLISS  
Why'd you do it Wilson? The  
pictures I mean. Why the pictures?

GERALD WILSON  
I don't know it was thrilling I  
guess. Rita was getting all into  
it and she told me to set up  
the camera.

MUNCH  
But you're both in the pictures.  
How did you take them if you were  
both in the pictures.

GERALD WILSON  
It had one of those fancy timers  
on it. You set it and it takes a  
picture every minute...every five  
minutes.

BAYLISS  
You really make me sick, you know  
that. You have single handedly  
taken the joy out of photography  
for me.

MUNCH  
They're more like snapshots.

GERALD WILSON  
You don't have to tell my wife do  
you?

MUNCH  
No, you can let her read it in the  
paper. When this gets out she  
won't even be able to leave the  
house without someone asking her  
what it's like to be married to a  
murderer. But then again I guess  
she knew that going in.

BAYLISS and MUNCH exit the box as a uniformed officer takes over the watch.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY-CONTINUOUS

As BAYLISS and MUNCH exit the box SHEPPARD and LEWIS walk through the front doors of the squad room. DANVERS is on his way out of G's office and stops a moment in front of MUNCH and BAYLISS.

DANVERS

Good work guys. One to go. I'll be back with the warrant for Lubitch in a bit. Go ahead and start processing Wilson if you want. You might want to advise him again about getting a lawyer.

DANVERS leaves and SHEPPARD who has overheard moves to BAYLISS. LEWIS has moved to his desk and sits sulking.

MUNCH

(to BAYLISS)  
You want any coffee.

BAYLISS

Nah...Nah...I'm fine.

MUNCH heads for the coffee room just as as SHEPPARD arrives.

SHEPPARD

How's it going?

BAYLISS

Pretty good actually. We got Wilson to give us the truth. We're getting ready to go pick up Lubitch.

SHEPPARD

Need any help.

BAYLISS

I don't think we'll need any.

SHEPPARD

OK.

BAYLISS

How'd you and LEWIS do?

CONTINUED:

SHEPPARD

It seems the whole Paris family is dead now. The boys were the strongest suspects. I guess Jenny Forsyth will just have to wait a little longer for justice.

BAYLISS

What about yours?

SHEPPARD

We're going to check on it in a second. General recanvass and reinterview. So where are we going tomorrow night?

BAYLISS

Oh...I thought I'd just cook something. I mean if that's OK.

SHEPPARD

Yeah...sounds good. I didn't know you cooked.

BAYLISS

A little. So, eight tomorrow? My place?

SHEPPARD

I'll bring the wine.

They hold a moment and then part. SHEPPARD moves by LEWIS and punches him in the shoulder to bring him back to life.

SHEPPARD (cont'd)

You're taking this whole thing too hard.

LEWIS

Nah. It's no big deal. Everyone just assumes that my name has the most red under it. I got a splitting headache.

LEWIS gets up and moves with SHEPPARD toward the door.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

The pills the doc gave me after the wreck don't work too well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHEPPARD

You want me to run you by and see  
if they can give you something  
else.

LEWIS

No. What's up with you and Tim.  
Y'all gettin' serious or what?

SHEPPARD

That is none of your business.  
It's just a date.

LEWIS

Where y'all goin'

SHEPPARD

He's cookinGIARDELLO

LEWIS

That's a bad sign.

They exit.

INT. COFFEE ROOM-DAY

BAYLISS enters to get MUNCH who is seated at a table talking to FALSONE.

MUNCH

You need to cook for her.

FALSONE

You think

MUNCH

I know. The time is right.

BAYLISS

You told me it was too early.

MUNCH

Yeah. For you Timmy boy not for  
FALSONE here. You don't have his  
Hispanic charms. They're a very  
beguiling and romantic lot. Plus  
he's dating an Italian. If he  
doesn't show his culinary aptitude  
fast he'll wind up on the street.

Ballard enters and goes for a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLARD  
What are you guys talking about.

MUNCH  
Food. The elixir of life.

BAYLISS and MUNCH exit. Ballard takes MUNCH's vacated seat across from FALSONE. She sips her coffee seductively locked in his gaze.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY CONTINUOUS

BAYLISS  
Speaking of romantic entanglements  
how are you and...

MUNCH  
She's injuring me. (smiling) I  
haven't seen the inside of an  
emergency room so much since the  
days of flashbacks. A little more  
precision and she could be a  
Moyle.

BAYLISS  
A Moyle?

BAYLISS and MUNCH walk by GHARTY on their way out.

MUNCH  
Nice of you to join us Stu.

GHARTY  
Screw you MUNCH.

MUNCH  
You look like the one that got  
screwed and personally I'd cancel  
the check.

BAYLISS  
Come on Munch.

GHARTY stands up with difficulty.

GHARTY  
Lets go. You and me on the roof.

MUNCH  
Are you calling me out. You toad.

GHARTY  
I'll kick your ass MUNCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

You have to lift your leg to do  
that Stu. I doubt you have that  
much range of motion.

Just then Ballard and FALSONE enter. Ballard moves to MUNCH and GHARTY.

BALLARD

Lay off Munch.

MUNCH

Lay off...Lay off... Fat man  
here's startin' to give us a bad  
name. My mother could hold her  
liquor better than him.

Just then Giardello's voice booms across the squad room.

LT. GIARDELLO

YOU TWO KNOCK IT OFF. BAYLISS AND  
MUNCH IN MY OFFICE. Gharty I'll  
deal with you later. If you're  
having a problem go see psych, but  
do not bring it into my squad  
room.

BAYLISS and MUNCH follow G into his office. Ballard moves closer to GHARTY who has sat back down and is emptying Advil out of a bottle. He throws them back and takes a drink of water.

BALLARD

What's wrong Stu?

GHARTY

Why can't everyone just leave me  
alone.

BALLARD

Take some more time off.

GHARTY

Why does Munch have such a bug up  
his ass. If he doesn't watch it  
I'm going to kill him.

BALLARD

This isn't about Munch. I'm your  
partner. You're supposed to talk  
to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GHARTY

I'm alone OK. I can't stand being alone. Me and Flora may not have gotten along, but we lived together for 30 years. Now, every time I go home to my apartment I can't stand it. The quiet.

BALLARD

Come on. Lets go somewhere else.

Ballard takes GHARTY by the hand and leads him out of the squad room.

INT. LT GIARDELLO'S OFFICE-DAY

BAYLISS and MUNCH stand in front of GIARDELLO's desk. GIARDELLO takes off his glasses and starts rubbing his forehead. He sits on the edge of his desk facing them.

LT. GIARDELLO

I just got a call from Susan Meadows. She wanted to know our response to the fact that they're going to run some of the photos from the Paylor case.

BAYLISS and MUNCH looked shocked.

BAYLISS

Where'd they get the photos from.

LT. GIARDELLO

Evidently the manager of the photomat wasn't too distraught to sell them to the press.

MUNCH

They always get you with the double prints.

BAYLISS

Sorry G. We didn't know there were duplicates.

LT. GIARDELLO

It's not your fault, but now you have to get to Rita Lubitch before they do.

BAYLISS and MUNCH move to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
MUNCH.

MUNCH and BAYLISS turn at the door which is now open.

LT. GIARDELLO (cont'd)  
Lay off of Gharty. If he's got  
problems I don't want you  
exacerbating them.

MUNCH  
I'll try.

LT. GIARDELLO  
There is no try detective Munch.  
There is only do.

BAYLISS and MUNCH leave.

GIARDELLO moves and sits behind his desk.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. UNMARKED CAR-DAY

SHEPPARD is driving while LEWIS looks on. His seat belt is on and he's cringing at her every turn.

LEWIS

Slow down. They ain't goin nowhere.

SHEPPARD

I'm only doing 40. What is your problem.

LEWIS

Ever since the wreck I've had this fear of riding in a car. Where're we goin anyway.

SHEPPARD

Fare Meats on Rosedale.

LEWIS

I though Bayliss was cooking for you.

SHEPPARD

We are going to see Milton Fare. Remember? The case you pawned off on me.

LEWIS

STOP SIGN.

SHEPPARD

I see it. Quit trying to drive. You ought to be grateful this happened the way you drove before. Maybe you'll drive like a normal person now.

LEWIS

There isn't anything wrong with the way I drive.

SHEPPARD

You've banged up more cars then anyone else in the squad.

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Those were not my fault. Nor was  
the last one. I wasn't even  
driving.

SHEPPARD

It was no one's fault. It's the  
danger of the pursuit. You don't  
think Mike intended to slam into  
the other car do you.

LEWIS

He could have braked sooner.

They pull into a strip mall and park in front of FARE MEATS.

INT. FARE MEATS-DAY

There is no one in the store but a young girl behind the counter.

SHEPPARD

(to the girl)  
Is Milton Fare here?

GIRL

Yeah.

SHEPPARD

May we speak to him?

The girl eyes them suspiciously.

GIRL

And you are?

SHEPPARD

Baltimore Homicide. I'm detective  
Sheppard, this is detective Lewis.

GIRL

What's this about.

LEWIS

Just go get him...alright.

The girl leaves from behind the counter and goes into the back. A discussion can be heard taking place.

MILTON FARE, a man in his late sixties with a garnish of snow white hair around his head walks out of the back. He has on a blood stained white apron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILTON FARE

May I help you?

SHEPPARD

Mr. Fare, I'm detective  
Sheppard...

MILTON FARE

...yes, my granddaughter told me.

SHEPPARD

Sir we've been assigned to  
investigate the murder of Jenny  
Crain.

Milton Fare looks confused for a moment, then...

MILTON FARE

That was over thirty years ago.

SHEPPARD

Is there anything you could tell  
us that you may have...remembered  
since the original investigation.

Milton Fare thinks for a moment.

MILTON FARE

Yes...yes there is.

Just then the girl comes back to the counter placing her arm  
on her grandfather's shoulder.

GIRL

Is everything OK?

MILTON FARE

Yes sweetheart. The detectives  
just wanted ask some questions  
about something that happened  
years ago.

SHEPPARD

Mr. Fare, you said you did have  
some new information for us.

MILTON FARE

(to Sheppard)  
Just a moment.

(to the Girl)  
This will only take a second  
honey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILTON FARE (cont'd)

Why don't you go in the back and  
price the chuck I've wrapped. It's  
on the table.

The girl begins to move away eyeing SHEPPARD and LEWIS.

MILTON FARE (cont'd)

(to the girl)  
Don't forget to let the scale  
settle.

GIRL

I know.

The girl disappears into the back.

MILTON FARE

Sorry, there just isn't any need  
for her to hear this.

SHEPPARD

That's OK. SO, what was it you  
were going to tell us.

MILTON FARE

I killed Jenny Crain.

SHEPPARD

What?

MILTON FARE

I killed Jenny Crain. I knew that  
was why you were here the minute I  
saw you. It's been so long. I've  
spent too long running from the  
truth. The truth now is that I'm  
just tired of running.

SHEPPARD and LEWIS are shocked to say the least.

SHEPPARD

We're going to have to take you  
in.

MILTON FARE

Could you give me just a second. I  
need to tell my granddaughter. You  
see she looks up to me.

SHEPPARD and LEWIS exchange looks. They agree there couldn't  
be any harm in it.

LEWIS

Don't try anything funny.

CONTINUED: (3)

MILTON FARE

Detective I'm too old for anything  
funny. (to SHEPPARD) Just a  
minute.

SHEPPARD nods and the old man walks into the back of the store. An incomprehensible conversation can be heard taking place and then the voice of the girl becomes increasingly loud.

GIRL (OS)

What? What are you saying? I don't  
believe you. How could you?

The girl begins to cry. Milton Fare emerges from the back a broken man and walks toward the counter. He carefully takes off his apron and gently folds it placing it on the counter next to the register. He straightens his shirt and walks around the counter to join the detectives.

MILTON FARE

Is it necessary to use handcuffs?  
I don't want her to see me like  
that.

SHEPPARD

Not if you promise to behave.

MILTON FARE

I promise. Thank You.

All three of them exit the butcher shop.

EXT. PRECINCT ROOF-DAY

GHARTY is against the fence his hands gripping the chain link as he looks out over the river.

GHARTY

I'm tired.

BALLARD

Take some time off Stu. Let it  
heal. You came to work the same  
day you left your wife. Tell G,  
He'll understand.

GHARTY

It's over.

BALLARD

What do you mean?

CONTINUED:

GHARTY turns from the fence to look at Ballard.

GHARTY

Look at me. I'm washed up. I'm a middle-aged fat homicide detective that no one even believes has what it takes to do the job. All they remember is that I froze up in that project shoot out and I used to work IA.

BALLARD

Come on Stu. You wouldn't be here if they didn't think you could do the job.

GHARTY

How do you think I got transferred up here?

BALLARD

I don't know.

GHARTY

They wanted to get rid of me in IA. Even they didn't like me. Can you believe that. The rat suckers of the police force and they don't want me.

Ballard comes closer to GHARTY and tries to comfort him. She puts her hand on his arm in a gesture of friendship.

BALLARD

Stu. You're a good cop. You just need some time right now.

GHARTY

You think so?

BALLARD

I trust you with my life don't I? I'm your partner Stu.

GHARTY thinks for a moment.

GHARTY

Do you find me attractive.

BALLARD

What?

She removes her hand.

CONTINUED: (2)

GHARTY

You heard me. Do you find me  
attractive.

BALLARD

Stu.

GHARTY

Answer the question.

BALLARD

No.

GHARTY

See.

BALLARD

See What?

GHARTY

I'm going to be alone for the rest  
of my life.

BALLARD

Stu. There are a millions of women  
out there who would find you  
attractive.

GHARTY

Now Falson. He's a real looker.  
Young, muscular, viral. A real  
ladies man.

BALLARD

Stu. You keep feeling sorry for  
yourself and you are going to be  
alone.

GHARTY

I'm scared.

GHARTY slides down the chain link fence and just sits there.

GHARTY (cont'd)

I'm scared...and tired.

GHARTY starts to cry. Ballard moves down close to him and  
hugs him as GHARTY starts to lose it.

INT. SQUAD ROOM-DAY

The name of Crain is changed from red to black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pull back to reveal SHEPPARD making the change. GIARDELLO is walking by.

LT. GIARDELLO

Good work Sheppard. Maybe you'll rub off on LEWIS.

LEWIS sits at his desk a few feet away.

LEWIS

I'm recoverin' G. It was your son that put me in the hospital.

LT. GIARDELLO

If its not one thing with you LEWIS it's another.

GIARDELLO continues on his was. SHEPPARD and LEWIS share a look.

SHEPPARD

It serves you right you know.

LEWIS

You're enjoying this aren't you?

SHEPPARD

Oh Yeah.

LEWIS

No respect. We're s'posed to be partners.

SHEPPARD

So that's why you tried to stick me with a bad case.

LEWIS

You heard G. They'd already assessed these cases for closure.

SHEPPARD

Oh, I see, so I don't get credit for solving it.

LEWIS

The man gave himself up. He might as well have walked in here off the street.

FALSONE walks by.

FALSONE  
Anyone seen Ballard?

LEWIS  
Give it a rest Falsone.

FALSONE  
What?

FALSONE notices the board where SHEPPARD's case has been closed.

FALSONE (cont'd)  
Oh, nice one Sheppard.  
(to Lewis)  
a little jealous?

SHEPPARD  
Just doing my job.

LEWIS  
How's about both you kiss my ass.

INT. UNMARKED CAR-EVENING

BAYLISS and MUNCH approach Rita Lubitch's house. The place is surrounded by television trucks. All the television crews are on the ground behind the vehicles.

A few intrepid cameramen inch around the backs of the trucks trying to get shots of the house.

As MUNCH and LEWIS pull up a bullet rips through the front windshield.

EXT. LUBITCH HOME-EVENING CONTINUOUS

BAYLISS and MUNCH dive out of the car and move quickly behind the larger trucks.

BAYLISS and MUNCH have drawn their weapons and crouch beside a reporter and her crew.

BAYLISS  
What's going on here?

REPORTER  
We tried to interview her and she started shooting at us.

A cameraman has manoeuvered around the reporter and has his camera aimed directly at MUNCH and BAYLISS.

CONTINUED:

MUNCH  
Get that thing out of here.

BAYLISS  
Turn it off pal. I mean it. (to the reporter) If you don't tell him to turn that thing off, you'll have to get all your news from the precinct like everyone else. On your competitors station.

REPORTER  
Turn it off Jerry.

The cameraman complies and puts the camera down. Three police cruisers come blaring around the corner. The officers get out and take cover. They aim their guns at the house.

BAYLISS  
(Looking around)  
Anyone got a cell phone here?

REPORTER  
Yeah.

BAYLISS  
Give it to me.

REPORTER  
Why?

BAYLISS  
Just give it to me.

The reporter hands over the phone. BAYLISS starts reaches in his pocket and pulls out his pad. He flips through it looking for somethinGIARDELLO

MUNCH  
Calling Rene. Tell her you'll have to postpone dinner.

BAYLISS finds what he's looking for and dials the number.

He waits for a moment while it rings. Someone answers.

BAYLISS  
Mrs. Lubitch. Mrs. Lubitch. I'm detective BAYLISS. You don't have to do this. We just want to talk.

MUNCH  
What are you doing.

CONTINUED: (2)

BAYLISS puts his hand over the mouth piece and turns to MUNCH.

BAYLISS

What does it look like I'm doing.  
If she keeps shooting she's going  
to hit someone. I've been shot  
enough.

He takes his hand off the phone and resumes talking.

BAYLISS (cont'd)

Mrs. Lubitch. Yes...I'm sorry, I  
had to talk to someone. Ye  
Ma'am...I know it was rude. Mrs.  
Lubitch. Just put the gun down. No  
one needs to get hurt here. No  
ma'am. You can't be charged with  
murder again that's true. We can't  
just leave you alone. I'm sure the  
trial took a great toll on you.  
Yes ma'am. Gerald Wilson is  
cooperating. No ma'am, I haven't  
seen what his new wife looks like.  
I'm sure you did. Ma'am. Please.  
Just put the gun down and come out  
before someone gets hurt.

An unmarked car pulls in and out comes GIARDELLO. He walks across the scene as though nothing can touch him. BAYLISS, who is still on the phone waves his arms for G to get done and take cover. GIARDELLO just continues to walk.

He eventually arrives where BAYLISS and MUNCH and crouched behind the truck.

LT. GIARDELLO

I take it, from what I'm seeing  
around me that you did not beat  
the press here.

BAYLISS

(putting his hand over the  
receiver)  
Please get down G she's shooting  
randomly.

LT. GIARDELLO

I don't fear randomness Bayliss I  
only fear accuracy. Who's that  
you're talking to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MUNCH

Mrs. Random. He's trying to get  
her to give up peacefully.

MUNCH throws G a look like he doesn't believe BAYLISS has a  
chance. G can do nothing but watch.

BAYLISS resumes talking to her.

BAYLISS

Mrs. Lubitch. Are you still there?  
Good. No ma'am I was talking to my  
Lieutenant. Yes ma'am he isn't  
very happy. Mrs. Lubitch. Please.  
What? Yes ma'am. We did find the  
photographs.

The line goes dead.

BAYLISS gets uneasy and tries to redial.

Busy signal.

A single shot can be heard coming from inside the house.

There is silence.

BAYLISS sits slumped against the truck the phone in his hand.  
He is in shock.

LT. GIARDELLO

Someone call an ambulance.

INT. LUBITCH HOME-EVENING CONTINUOUS

The front door, seen from the inside, busts open. Police move  
quickly through. BAYLISS and MUNCH follow. In the living room  
Mrs. Lubitch lies dead on the floor.

EXT. LUBITCH HOME-EVENING CONTINUOUS

BAYLISS and MUNCH exit. They walk past G on the lawn who  
simply lets them go.

INT. LUBITCH HOME-EVENING CONTINUOUS

A crime unit photographer takes photos of Mrs. Lubitch's  
body.

INT. PRECINCT-NIGHT

Gerald Wilson is being processed.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

FALSONE and Ballard enjoy an intimate meal. They are happy, and you can see it.

INT. BAYLISS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

BAYLISS sits on his sofa with a glass of wine in his hand. He is alone.

INT. GHARTY'S APT-NIGHT.

GHARTY is sitting on the floor surrounded by shoe boxes. A half empty fifth of Jack Daniels is by his side. He is pouring over old photographs of he and his wife.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END